

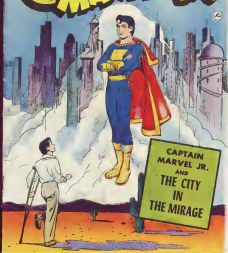
A Fawcett Publication

FEB.

10¢

NO. 106

CAPTAIN MARVEL JR.



CAPTAIN
MARVEL JR.
AND
THE CITY
IN
THE MIRAGE







MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO EXPLAIN WHY YOU TRIED TO TAKE US PRISONERS!

I THOUGHT YOU WERE BAR-BARBARIANS FROM OUTSIDE! YOU ARE THE FIRST HUMAN BEINGS THIS CITY HAS SEEN SINCE IT FIRST DISAPPEARED 150,000 YEARS AGO!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN-- THIS CITY DISAPPEARED?

150,000 YEARS AGO THIS CITY WAS THE ONLY DELIVERED SPOT ON THE GLOBE! ALL OTHER HUMANS LIVED IN CAVES! WE WERE ALWAYS AT WAR WITH THOSE BARBARIANS!



WHEN ONE DAY A CHANGE OCCURRED IN THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE! IT BECAME COLDER AND COLDER! CHILL WINDS BLEW NIGHT AND DAY!



AN ELECTRICAL WEATHER PREDICTOR TOLD US THAT THE COLD WOULD GROW CONSTANTLY WORSE! THAT THE WHOLE EARTH WOULD BE FROZEN IN AN AGE OF ICE!



THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING TO DO! I GATHERED MY APPARATUS AND RENT OUT TO THE THOUSAND YEAR GEYSER! I SET UP THE FICTONIC DISASSEMBLER, TUNING IT TO THE NEXT ERUPTION OF THE GEYSER!



AS THE GEYSER DIED DOWN, THE FICTONIC DISASSEMBLER SCATTERED THE PROTONS FORMING THE CITY'S MATTER! ONLY WHEN THE GEYSER ROUN, WOULD THE CITY APPEAR AGAIN!

THAT WAS 150,000 YEARS AGO! SINCE THEN THE CITY HAS ONLY COME INTO BEING WHEN THE GEYSER ERUPTED ---AND ONLY EXISTED FOR A DAY --- AS LONG AS THE GEYSER ITSELF LASTED!

HOLY HOLY!



ALTHOUGH THE PRESSURE OF THE ATTRACTION GREWS LIKE A HURST OF BILLIONS OF TONS, CAPTAIN MARVEL, JR. MOVED TOWARD THE SWITCH THAT WILL TURN OFF THE FANTASTIC MACHINE!

WHEN! THIS IS TOUGH... EVEN FOR ME!



YOU ARE THE ARMY THAT WILL CONQUER THE OUTSIDE WORLD! NO HUMAN WILL BE ABLE TO STAND AGAINST YOU! DESTROY THEM WITH YOUR ELECTRICAL BOLTS!



AS THE MYSTERIOUS BUZZER IS SILENCED THE PARALYZING GRIP IS BROKEN!

NOW TO FIND DAMAGORE! WOW! I'M FREE TO MOVE AGAIN!



I'LL DESTROY THEM FIRST! THE BLUE BARBARIAN! SHOOT HIM DOWN!



AS THE OTHER METAL ROBOTS AND THEIR LIGHTNING BOLDS, CAPTAIN MARVEL, JR. IS BATTERED BY TREMENDOUS ELECTRICAL SLASHES!

HOIN MOLEY! THIS IS WORSE THAN A HUNDRED LIGHTNING STORMS!



I'LL LET THESE LITTLE METAL MONSTERS GO! CAUSE PLENTY OF DAMAGE IF THEY EVER GOT FREE!







WONDER WHAT'S ON TOP?

WE'RE NO PICKERS. LET'S HAVE A PEAK!

LET'S GO!

WHEN! THIS IS HARD WORK!

WONDER HOW MUCH FARTHER WE HAVE TO GO?

HOW HIGH IS UP?!

WISH I'D BROUGHT SOME BUBBLE GUM TO CHEW—

NO CHANCE TO GET ANY NOW 'TIL WE GET DOWN!

WE'RE ALMOST THERE! YIPPEE!

HERE YEAH, FOLKS! GET YER BUBBLE BUBBLE RIGHT HERE! NO NEED TO WAIT TO GET DOWN!

PUD!

WOW! FLEECE'S BUBBLE GUM! IT WAS WORTH THE CLIMB!

FUNNIES, FORTUNES, FACTS ON EVERY WRAPPER!

FLEECE'S BLOWES BIGGER BUBBLES FASTER!

TASTES GOOD, TOO!

NOW AVAILABLE ALL OVER THE WORLD!

FRANK W. FLEECE CORP., PHILADELPHIA 22, PA.

BOYS! GIRLS!

HURRY! GET YOUR BEAUTIFUL

US MILITARY RING

and BRACELET!

WITH YOUR CHOICE OF OFFICIAL MILITARY INSIGNIA!

SO EASY TO GET!

They're real beauties! Finished in shiny metal that won't tarnish! Wear the official insignia of your branch, cadet corps, branch, or service. Be the envy of your neighborhood! Send for them to Smith Bros., Box 543, Philadelphia, W. L.

BRACELET ONLY 20¢

RING ONLY 20¢

BOTH ONLY 35¢

AND THE SWEET COUGH DROPS TOO!

1 in. including box ☐ 1 1/2 ☐ and the front cover of one ☐ Two ☐ Smith Brothers box set, any flavor, for which please add one \$2.00 ☐

BRACELET ☐ BOTH ☐

Indicate with one for BRACELET: LAND ☐ ROYAL ☐ INFANTRY ☐ ARMY ☐ NAVY ☐ AIR FORCE ☐ MARINE CORPS ☐

Send to Smith Bros., Box 543, Philadelphia, W. L.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____



CAPTAIN MARVEL, JR.

BLOOD ON MR. BLANK

By John Martin

WHEN George Renwell entered the office he involuntarily cringed. It was the fourth time in a month he'd been late, and old Bulwer's temper had gotten meaner each time.

"You have an excuse?" Bulwer began sarcastically. He stood big and bent and old and ferocious.

"I—I missed my train; no, I mean the train was late!" Renwell said, getting on his alpaca clerk's coat, and trunbling.

Bulwer's face cracked in an ugly sneer. "You're lying, Renwell. And lying badly!" He banged a fist on the desk. "What's wrong with you, man? Do you always have to be a doorman? Why can't you act like a man for once and admit something? You might as well. You'll be bowled out anyway!"

Renwell knew that Bulwer liked to be sarcastic about his timidity. He also knew that Bulwer would have been the first to fire him if he had ever talked back. Bulwer liked to pose as a big, bold man.

"George Renwell, eh?" Bulwer continued relentlessly. "They should call you, 'Mr. Blank'. That expresses you better, Renwell. You're a blank, a nothingness. You can't even do your work well. You haven't got the backbone of a skatefish."

Bulwer sneered and went back to his desk.

George Renwell turned away, his face hiding a flame of hatred. "Some day," he thought . . . his fists clenched. Some day he'd get even with Bulwer. He'd often thought of how he'd do it.

He worked with usual accounts until noon. Then he had a frugal lunch, not daring to step outside the office lest Bulwer complain that he wasn't making up for being late. After lunch Bulwer came up behind him.

"We're working late tonight, Renwell. There's a consignment of cash that has to be assigned."

"Of course, Mr. Bulwer," Renwell said. Bulwer never asked him if he'd stay. He told him. And Renwell was always afraid to object.

"In the meantime," Bulwer continued. "You can get the cash at the bank."

Renwell started out the door.

"Wait, you blockhead!" Bulwer roared. "You've forgotten to take my bankbook. I noticed you didn't forget something unimportant like the morning mail, though!"

Renwell looked down at the mail in his hand. He went red. Bulwer's accusation roared in his ears. Yes, it was true. He was just a sponger, a cipher who couldn't keep anything important on his mind. His mind was a slave to trivia.

He got the bankbook and departed, posting the mail on the way out in the office building box down in the lobby. It was at the bank, as he watched the cashier count out seven hundred ten dollar bills, that he came to the fatal decision.

Why not, he asked himself, as he returned to the office? Why not revenge himself on Bulwer for all the years of insults? Why not prove himself the better man for once by doing something really important? Important, and—profitable. No one would know he and Bulwer were working late. He could slip out easily, unnoticed, by the building's back door. The murder, when it was discovered, would be put down to robbery. Renwell would claim he had left early as usual. And who could say he hadn't?

He laughed chillingly as he reviewed the prospects in his mind. Bulwer had forgotten that even the smallest and meanest of men can be pushed just so far. And now, Renwell promised himself, Bulwer would pay!

Bulwer made him work through without supper. Then, at six-thirty, Renwell finished putting the last batch of tens in an envelope. Bulwer packed it away in a small black bag.

"We'll take this round to the night depository," he said gruffly. "Get your coat, Renwell."

Renwell moved quickly. He stepped behind Bulwer, snatched up a long, sharp letter opener from Bulwer's desk. Then he waited until Bulwer turned to go.

"Put—put that thing down!" Bulwer said, going pale. "Renwell, you idiot, stop it. I don't go for stale jokes!"

"Jokes, Mr. Bulwer?" Renwell said tensely. He smirked.

Then he struck. His arm flashed up and down and then his wrist twisted viciously.

Bulwer gasped, staggered back with the letter opener in his heart. He fell heavily to the floor, gave one convulsive shudder, and was dead!

Renwell stared coolly at the bloody stain coaling out on the carpet. "Mr. Blank, eh," he thought. He wasn't Mr. Blank now. He was George Renwell, murderer and thief. His pulse quickened. He looked up. The shades had already been drawn, the door was locked. No one could have seen or heard anything. He knelt and carefully wiped the hilt of the murder weapon clean of his fingerprints. Then, his heart pounding violently, his mind in a haze, he picked up the satchel of money, looked round the office and left. He met no one going down the staircase to the back entrance. And his exit let out on a black lightless alley. Not a single person met him on his way to the bus as he doubled round the block. He reached his small furnished room without any incident at all.

The next morning, of course, the murder was discovered. Renwell sent for the police shortly after he'd arrived, stammering over the wire that his employer had been attacked with a knife. He knew that the nervousness he still felt over the killing would be put down to his being naturally upset on finding the body.

The police questioned him closely after they arrived.

Renwell answered them capably. No, he said, he knew nothing about the murder. He had left at the usual time, after bringing the money from the bank. But Mr. Bulwer had clients. Possibly one of them, he suggested, had visited him after hours, committed the crime, stolen the money. As he mentioned the money he smiled inwardly. That very morning he had risen early and checked the satchel at a railroad station. It would be safe for a week. Then he could pick it up.

Detective Rory Kendall, who was handling the investigation, was finally compelled to let Renwell go home. Bulwer's lawyer had been called in for the following morning to start dissolving the firm and winding up Bulwer's affairs. Renwell promised to give his assistance.

Since his term of employment with the firm was technically ended, Renwell allowed himself to be late the next day. He knew that with Bulwer out of the way he had nothing to fear.

As he opened the office door and walked in, Kendall was sitting behind Bulwer's desk, busy with some papers. And standing beside

Kendall was a familiar face—one of Bulwer's clients.

"Mr. Fenwick!" Renwell said cordially.

"Fenwick came down to help us out," Kendall said.

"I'm glad he did," Renwell said, suddenly feeling a trifle uneasy. "But I don't see . . ."

"Mr. Fenwick brought us a little evidence," the detective said. "Conclusive evidence." He looked up at Renwell. "You know, Renwell, your whole alibi depends on whether you really left this office at the time you did. If you lied . . ."

"I told you I left at the regular time," Renwell said. A little thrill of fear went down his spine.

"I can prove you didn't," Kendall said grimly. "I obtained a list of Bulwer's clients, investigated most of them. And I found that two of them had received letters the morning after the murder—like Mr. Fenwick here."

"What about it?" Renwell asked nervously. "I posted the mail yesterday morning."

"But this was evening mail," Kendall said. Renwell's heart seemed to stop and turn to ice.

"I hardly think a murderer—an ordinary murderer—would bother to mail Bulwer's evening letters. And yet they were mailed," Kendall paused, then his voice went on inexorably. "Bulwer couldn't have mailed them because he died before seven o'clock. Mr. Fenwick's letter was collected at nine o'clock. The mailman for the building, who I spoke to, remembered that he left the box empty at seven forty-five, but these letters were in the box at nine. And Bulwer, being dead, couldn't have put them there. I'm afraid, Renwell, that you did!"

RENWELL made a dive for the door. But he was not fast enough. It was only after Kendall had grabbed him and Renwell had broken down and sobbed out his confession, that he began cursing himself.

Bulwer had been right, he knew. He was really just a bootlicking, servile dogmat, with thoughts no higher than his trivial work. It was just like him, out of force of habit, to pick up the evening mail on the way out of the office after killing Bulwer and dandily mail it.

Renwell sighed as the handcuffs clicked on his wrists. He was thinking of four walls. One of them was barred, another two were—blank. And on the other side of the door in the remaining wall was the last mile—to the chair.

THE END









**Capt.
MARVEL
JR.**

TWO-HEADED BOY

Except for the fact that he's the world's mightiest boy, **CAPTAIN MARVEL JR.** is perfectly normal! He has two ears, two eyes, two arms, two legs—just like everyone else! But this is the strange and surprising tale of a time when **CAPTAIN MARVEL JR.** became uniquely different than anyone else, the time, in fact, when he became **CAPTAIN MARVEL JR.—TWO-HEADED BOY!**

HEA-HEA-HEA!
I'VE TURNED YOU
INTO A FREAK,
CAPTAIN MARVEL JR.!

HOLEY...

...HOLEY!

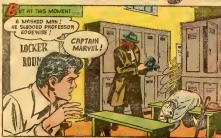


AT FIRST THE LAMP WAS JUST STANDING THERE, A LAMP AS SOLID AND SUBSTANTIAL AS UNCOMMON AND CONVENTIONAL AND UNDERSTOOD AS ONLY A LAMP CAN BE!



NO THEN, SUDDELY...

IT'S INCREDIBLE!









YOU'RE A COLLEAGUE OF PROFESSOR EDGEWISE'S! PERHAPS YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO HIS INVENTION?

I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT AN AMBER-KEY OUN! NOTHING AT ALL!

I DIDN'T MENTION THE NAME OF HIS INVENTION! BUT YOU KNOW IT!

WHY... WHY, YES! PROFESSOR EDGEWISE SHOWED IT TO ME JUST BEFORE IT WAS STOLEN!

THAT BANDAGE ON YOUR JAW! IT MIGHT BE TRUE! I SPOKE TO YOU... AND NOW COME TWO WORLD-GLOBES! TWO GLOBES?

O-GET OUT OF MY OFFICE! I DON'T WANT TO TAKE INSULTING ACCUSATIONS FROM A TWO-HEADED BOY!



JUST AS I THOUGHT! YOU ARE THE VILLAIN! NOW ELSE WOULD YOU HAVE MENTIONED OUR TWO HEADS?



OWWWW!

WHUUD!



WHY... THE... THE... THE... AND GEN! PROFESSOR EDG. I MUST HAVE TRIED IT OUT ON THAT WORLD GLOBE! BUT I'M GOING TO USE IT ON MYSELF!

CAPTAIN MARVEL JR. ALSO POSSESSES THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST INTELLECT! IN A FEW MOMENTS, HE MAKES THE NECESSARY ADJUSTMENTS AND.....



I MADE IT WORK IN REVERSE! MY HEADS ARE JOINING TOGETHER!

NOOHHHHY! I'M NORMAL AGAIN!



HOW TO DESTROY THE AMBER-KEY OUN SO IT WON'T DO ANY MORE HARM TO ANYONE! IT'S TOO DANGEROUS!

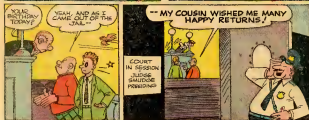
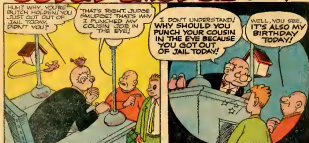
PROFESSOR EDGEWISE DON'T MIND LOSING HIS INVENTION! IN FACT, HE'S ALREADY FORGOTTEN ABOUT IT--AND WAS WORKING ON SOMETHING ELSE! BUT A CERTAIN PERSON WON'T SOON FORGET HOW IT FELT TO BE... A TWO-HEADED BOY!



PROFESSOR EDG. JAILED AS THIEF

JUDGE SMUDGE

Birthday Greetings!



**LASH CLEARS THE OUTLAW TRAILS
FOR ACTION AND ADVENTURE!**

LASH LARUE

WESTERN

WATCH FOR IT AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSDEALER'S 10¢



MARK TRAIL says:

**"YOU'LL LIKE MY BIG, NEW
MAGAZINE FOR BOYS!"**

IT'S "MARK TRAIL"... 64 pages packed with pictures,
thrilling adventure stories and articles by famous authors,
artists and editors of popular men's magazines!



**SEND FOR YOUR
COPY TODAY!**

Or ask your dad for a subscription
for your birthday.



MAIL THIS COUPON with 35¢
for one issue of MARK TRAIL,
or send \$1.00 for a year's sub-
scription (6 issues) too.

MARK TRAIL

1109 Northwestern Bank Bldg.
Minneapolis 2, Minnesota

Name _____

Street and number _____

City _____

State _____





CAPTAIN MARVEL JR.

CAPT. MARVEL JR. *and* THE WORLD'S GREATEST SALESMAN



CALL THE FOLKS WHO LIVE IN MARKS. MARKS'S BOARDING-HOUSE ARE FREDDY FREEMAN'S GOOD FRIENDS! FREDDY WOULD DO ANYTHING IN HIS POWER TO HELP THEM—AND THAT MIGHT BE CAPTAIN MARVEL JR. THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST BOY WOULD DO ANYTHING, TOO!

BUT CAN EVEN CAPTAIN MARVEL JR. SOLVE THE PUZZLE OF MR. LEROY MARKS WHO CAN WIN A MILLION DOLLAR JACKPOT IF ONLY HE CAN PROVE HIS RIGHT TO THE TITLE....

**THE WORLD'S
GREATEST
SALESMAN!**

ONE DAY AS FREDDY FREEMAN STOPS IN ON HIS FRIEND LEROY MARKS, THE SALESMAN...



WHAT'S THE MATTER, MR. MARKS? YOU LOOK DEPRESSED!

I'M ALL TIED UP, FREDDY!



OH, I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN; THIS IS JUST ANOTHER OF YOUR PLANS!

IT'S SERIOUS, TOO, FREDDY! I HAVEN'T SOLD ANY NECKTIES IN WEEKS!



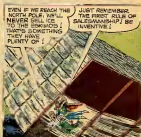




AT SIX O'CLOCK CAPTAIN MARVEL JR. LAUNCHES UPON THE GREATEST SALES CAMPAIGN IN HISTORY!



I'VE GOT THE THOUSAND TONS OF ICE! LET'S GO!



WHEN THE WORLD'S BRIGHTEST BOY COMPLETED HIS LABORS...



AND THEN CAPTAIN MARVEL JR. TAKES A BACK SEAT AS LEROY MARKS GOES INTO HIS SPIN!

MODERN ISLOG! IT EVEN HAS A TERRACE AND DON'T FORGET THAT THE DAYS HERE ARE SIX MONTHS LONG!

ME BUY ONE!



COO--

WE SOLD EVERY SINGLE ISLOG!

YOU DID A GOOD SELLING JOB! HE MAKES MORE IMPORTANT, WE MANAGED TO SELL THAT THOUSAND TONS OF ICE--TO SEWARD!



BUT NOW WE'VE GOT TO SELL AN ALLIGATOR SWAMP AS A PLACE TO BUILD HOMES! THAT'S REALLY IMPOSSIBLE!

NEVER SAW UP-- THAT'S THE SECOND SALE OF A GOOD SALESMAN!



8 O'CLOCK TALK!

EIGHT O'CLOCK --- AND CAPTAIN MARVEL JR. COMES RACE TO RACE WITH A FORM-- CHASE TASK!

NO WONDER THEY CALL IT ALLIGATOR SWAMP! NOTHING BUT ALLIGATORS COULD LIVE THERE!



A BIG CROWD HAS GATHERED TO SEE IF WE CAN FILL OFF THIS SWAMP! THEY'RE GOING TO BE DISAPPOINTED!

NOT NECESSARILY! LISTEN!



THAT ROLLING SOUND FROM DEEP IN THE GROUND PROVES THERE'S A HUGE CAVERN DOWN THERE!



I BURROWED TWO HOLES DOWN TO THE CAVERN! NOW WATCH WHAT HAPPENS!





QUICKLY, THE WORLD'S HIGHEST BOY PREPARES THE HOMELESS ALLIGATORS FOR THEIR JOURNEY!



AND WHILE I'M GONE, LEROY MARKS CAN TRY HIS BAIL AT SELLING THAT FORMER SWAMP-
LAND AS HOMESITES!



HEROY MARKS IS MORE THAN EQUAL TO THE TASK!

SIGH RIGHT ON THE DOTTED LINE, FOLKS! YOU'LL NEVER BE SORRY!



THAT GIVE A BORN SALESMAN GORM, WITH CAPTAIN MARVEL JR. HELPING HIM, HE'S ALREADY CARRIED OUT TWO OF THE INSTRUCTIONS!

FOR CARRIED OUT THE THIRD, HE'LL WIN THE MILLION DOLLAR JACKPOT!



BUT WE DON'T HAVE THE MONEY TO PAY HIM!

DON'T LOSE YOUR NERVE, ROBBINS! WE'LL MAKE SURE LEROY MARKS DOESN'T CARRY OUT THE LAST INSTRUCTION BY MIDNIGHT!



ENTER, AS LEROY MARKS RELAXES AT THE SCENE OF HIS TRIUMPH....



OUT AT THE MOMENT...



